

192 [THE SOUL OF MAN.] NOSCE
TEIPSUM! [^s*^£u£J

But to the Soul, time doth perfection
give I And adds fresh lustre to her
beauty still! And makes her in
eternal youth to live, Like her which
nectar to the gods doth fill!

The more She lives, the more She feeds on
Truth !
The more She feeds, her Strength doth
more increase! And what is Strength, but
an effect of Youth ! Which if Time nurse,
how can it ever cease ?

But now these Epicures begin to smile,
objections And say, " My doctrine is more safe,
than true ! " !£££** And that « I fondly do myself beguile,
the'Ioui While these received opinions I
ensue,"

" For what! " they say, " doth not the Soul
wax old ! objection. How comes it, then,
that aged men do dote,
And that their brains grow sottish, dull,
and cold;
Which were in youth, the only spirits of
note ? "

" What! are not Souls within themselves
corrupted? How can there idiots then
by Nature be ? How is it that some wits
are interrupted, That now they dazzled
are, now clearly see ? "

These questions make a subtle argument
Answer. To such as think both Sense and
Reason one !
To whom, nor Agent, from the
Instrument;
Nor Power of Working, from the Work is
known!

But they that know that Wit can show no skill,
But when she things in Sense's glass
doth view ; Do know, if accident this
glass do spill, It *nothing* sees ! or sees
the *false* for *true* ?

For if that region of the tender brain,
Wherein th'inward sense of Phantasy
should sit, And th'outward senses'
gatherings should retain, By Nature,
or by chance become unfit.